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artists find it hard to distinguish from that dramatic quality, which is surer to catch the eye and voice of the multitude. The true hero never sinks the dignity of the man; and so the artist, in his treatment of him, should never forget that he was a man first, and only a hero because he was a true man. Among the many representations of Washington, how few there are, which, disdaining all shows of things, all pomp of position and office, depend upon the quality of manhood in him which gave value to office, and made position worthy.

We are glad to be able to call Brown's statue of the man, now just completed, a work which is, in this common-sense view of heroism, heroic. It represents Washington, not in the heat of battle, when the dignity of manhood is, to a certain extent, lost in the excitement of conflict, but at the close of it, in the act of recalling his successful troops to moderation and repose. He sits bare-headed, his hat resting upon his bridle-arm, which restrains his horse's ardor, his sword sheathed, and his right arm and hand extended in the attitude of restraining or commanding to quiet. His head is slightly thrown back, and the position of the whole figure is one of easy dignity, without the slightest show of self-importance. The costume is the simple continental uniform, treated with entire simplicity and great attention to realization without presenting any points which would interfere with the general impression.

The artist conceived Washington as at the moment when he ends his military career, and recalls "the dogs of war"—a moment as important to us as to him, and the one on which more than any other in our early existence, the welfare of the nation depended. It was the moment when he took his position with regard to his country, and drawing back from the carnage, became "first in peace," though ambition called him to cross the Rubicon. He uncovers his head in token of his deference to his country, and settles back into his place, secure at least of that position, whatever more may be required of him. He has been the soldier, and that function fulfilled, he waits, deferential and calm, what may ensue; his face slightly upturned, expressing loyalty and truth. There is not to our mind a line in the figure which does not express repose and manliness, which is only another word for dignity. The attitude is indeed very subtle and full of meaning, and the choice of the moment in the life of Washington shows a rare appreciation of his character. Never, in all his career, amid the excitement of victory, the nobly-sustained depression of defeat, or in all his statesman's life, was there a moment like that in which, true to his slightest obligation, he turned aside from the royal honors his timid friends offered him; and sublimer in his confidence in his country's strength of virtue than even in his denial of self, he turned his face upward that he might not win the crown beneath him. Washington in no office was so great as Washington the man, and that moment proved it. It is easy to find the hero when the clang of arms points him out in the midst of stirring deeds, or when applauding Senates tell his triumph in the struggle for right; but victory over self in quiet and seclusion is grander, that the multitude may never know or applaud it. He was yet a

soldier, had yet the power, and encouragement was not wanting, but he was a hero; and that saved him.

Brown's choice of this moment is no small proof of his genius—he has given greater—embodied his thought. Of the figure we have spoken. Of the horse we cannot speak critically, because we have never drawn a horse carefully and well. It seems to us very fine, however—and the whole work, we believe, to be one the country may well be proud of, and more so that it was executed at home. It is about to be sent to Chicopee to be cast in bronze.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF B. R. HAYDON.

THERE are two sides to artist-life—two views. When an artist sees one, and lives in the other, if the one he lives in happens to be the dark one, it is all the darker, drearier, that the other is light and glowing with every charm of fancy and hope. The more clearly an artist feels his ideal to be worthy his life's effort, the more crushingly lies the dead weight of failure to realize it upon his spirit. The life of the artist is not like ordinary life, say what you will of it—call it a dream—a phantasm, or what not, and fling the galling pity of careless, worldly life and feeling upon the poor dreamer as you may! The man of business throws his life into the torrent of trade, and it is whirled along, absorbed; if it bring up something of material value, the effort is repaid—if not, still it is only time lost; he is disappointed and tries again with the same hope, though not, perhaps, with the same buoyancy. The plunge to him was a matter of necessity, the reward a thing of circumstance, and with the same coldness with which he regards failure he enjoys success.

The artist has one ideal—but one hope in life, viz.: the realization of that ideal—money and social position are to him only means to its attainment. He casts his life on the venture, and through the life-long struggle he unfalteringly sacrifices everything else to it. If at the end of it, his soul comes up from the torrent bearing no prize, he is lost—a life thrown away to all save himself, and too often to himself also. There could be to him but one success, there can be but one failure. We doubt if there is any class of men capable of so high a range of happiness, or any class who are so generally unhappy. We have in mind at present an artist, who for several years lived in our western cities in a state of destitution of every comfort of life, and who, by abandoning his art, might have returned to his father's home—but never, even when wrapping his dilapidated clothes all around him, his only shelter from the winter cold, could he consent to relinquish his hope. Nor are such cases as rare as the world believes them.

Now and then one weary of the struggle gives it up as Haydon did—preferring the last dread risk to the endurance of hope deferred. It is idle to say that this is all fancy—that the artistic ideal is a creation of dreaming minds—a something opposed to the realities of life. Men don't suffer poverty and neglect through life, and finally rush unbidden from it for dreams. It were well if men could realize this, both for their own sakes and for those of the artists; for their own, that they might be

satisfied that there is a world of delight unopened to most of them—a region of actual, positive enjoyment, sufficiently keen to satisfy men for living in deprivation of the comforts of life even—to compensate them for the most laborious lives, and ill paid, as labor is generally paid. Artist-life, with all its bitterness and agony of failure, as well as its brighter side, is a perpetual remonstrant against materialism, and so if we would only accept the lesson, such a life, and so ended, as Haydon's, would teach us that the things which made him wretched, and might have made him happy, have for every man the same power, either of joy or sorrow, according to his capacity of seeing them.

The question of greatness is not one to be considered in this case, or in any other. Our own belief is that a really great Artist never fails, since it is an essential component of greatness that it should have the power also of making itself effective. It is not only necessary to have power, but to have the discrimination to point where that power must be applied. That Haydon was not a grand genius according to this standard is evident, since he did not succeed, while men of less power, but more tact, did. Wilkie, who certainly was not a man of so great power, or so high feeling, was a genius; and the whole world admits it; and if Haydon could have found his place, he would have been successful. We do not speak of success in the sense of immediate triumph, for we know men who have failed, if this be the criterion, but who will be better known ages hence than they are now; while others, to whom this day offers its ovations, will have passed from the memories of the grandchildren of this generation. But Haydon was a failure. Yet he had grand ideas, great earnestness of purpose, and artistic devotion unsurpassed. He labored incessantly for many years, yet produced nothing which his countrymen care to preserve. The figure of Lazarus coming forth from the grave is the most perfect thing of its kind which English Art has produced, but there is nothing else in the picture worthy to be put by the side of it—and at the end of a period sufficiently long to eradicate all personal hostility to him, and with notoriety great enough to point out all of good there is in his pictures, the best of them, according to his own standard, hang almost unnoticed in a free gallery in London.

Nor is this evidence of the want of taste in the English people, but rather that Haydon lacked the first quality of genius—self-knowledge. He knew neither his time nor his place. He sought to teach by throwing himself athwart the feeling of his time, and compelling it to bend to the standard he had raised. Of course he failed, as every such man will fail, to the end of time. A poet or artist may go beyond his generation and succeed, but every attempt to carry popular feeling back to the "High-Art" standard must for ever fail. What does the true man care that the Greek walked or the Roman fought—he finds the type of all that is heroic in either, in the humblest life of his own age. The more men come to the perception of the truly beautiful and noble, the more thoroughly do they enter into the nobility of common existence. Genius is microscopic as well as telescopic—entering into the perfection

of the little as well as the majesty of the great.

Here lay Haydon's want—we will not say fault, because, perhaps, it was unavoidable—that the beauty of common things escaped him. He looked for the ideal in the forms of things, not being sharp-sighted enough to discover it where it actually lay—in the very men and women who looked upon his labors. And even if he had succeeded in what he attempted, he would never have been more successful in securing popular appreciation: Greek and Roman antiquities, and the range of High-Art subjects generally, which he labored to bring to their true position, as he considered it, can never win the love of men whose hearts are set on their fellow men. The actions of Alexander were of infinitely less importance than those of Wellington. But, thought Haydon, High-Art must not be brought into the vulgar common-place. Oh, specious error! Art, if it be not a thing of every day life—a thing whose influence shall tell on all that we do from our uprising to our sleeping again—has no vitality or power whatever. If, to appreciate the pictures which hang on our walls, we must abstract ourselves from our actual world, and pass, by some self-imposed charm, into a fabulous state, where men were heroes and demigods, and where every thing conspired to persuade us that we lived only as the companions of mythic beings, then farewell to Art—the busy world is too pressing in its importunities to permit us the luxury of studying it. So equally of the religious subjects—the religion of this day, if it have one, must be a stirring, vital religion—not caring so much how Christ entered Jerusalem as how he enters our hearts. These subjects are the resort of men who, not content with common things, have not in themselves the ennobling power necessary to raise them from their commonness, and take refuge in a conventional ideal of goodness, of which the most that we can say is that it is unlike anything we see.

We did not intend to pass a criticism on Haydon's works, but so much it was necessary to say, to defend his age from the imputation of injustice, if any should offer such imputation. If he was misled he was still earnest, hopeful and true to that which he considered the nobility of Art. See how he commenced his artist life:

"The next day I got bones and muscles from the surgeon of the hospital, and was hard at work that very night. Then began the most miserable part of my life. It was a torture. Aunts and cousins, friends and uncles, all in succession, scolding, advising, reproaching, or appealing the whole day through. In this state of mind, and with these interruptions, I got through that book of anatomical studies which all in my school have copied, from Charles Eastlake to Lance.

"But still my life was wretched. My mother watched me day and night, and often creeping into my room at midnight, would find me undressed, but finishing a drawing before getting into bed. Though I had been a year studying, I had nothing attractive to flatter the vanity of my parents—no patron—no my lord or Sir George had yet come forward—all I had to show were correct drawings of dry bones, and drier muscles. 'What is Benjamin about?' said my father to an uncle, who had come down from London. 'Oh, he is mad,' replied my uncle; 'I called, and found him with Albinus

on the floor, stretched out on his belly, studying: he is mad certainly.'"

And as the youth was, such was the man. Full of the noblest, most generous impulses, with a perception of the beauty of Christianity rare in any age; full of faith in himself, his early manhood is really sublime, a living poem—an epic of the actual, in which the combats of the man with the troubles without and the sense of imperfection within, are of more interest to those who can appreciate them, than all the wars of all time. Proud to a fault, by his own admission, as in his account of Scott's funeral, he says—"I who always panted for distinction even at a funeral." He felt most sensitively his own position, as is shown in his account of his visit to Coutts:—

"Mr. Coutts now began—solemn and kind; he had placed the money to my account. I gave him my note-of-hand, and shortly took my leave with unaffected gratitude. As I was coming out, a poor negro beggar stood on the steps, and asked for help. 'Stand aside,' said the porter, 'and let the gentleman pass.' He fell back in sorrow. 'Ah, my poor fellow,' I thought, as I gave him a shilling, 'in the eye of God, who is the greater beggar of the two? I asked for £400, and was received in the drawing-room; you for a bit of bread, and were spurned from the door.' I went home up Park Lane lost in meditation on life and all its varieties—death and all its hopes; but I entered my painting-room, and looked at my picture. 'I have £400 at Coutts,' thought I, never thinking how I was to return it, but trusting in God for all."

"Death, and all its hopes!" He had already reaped the bitter fruit of artist life—but his conclusion, "Trusting in God for all," can only be felt as an impulse awakened by his momentary success, dying when it was most needed, and leaving him in darkness. That his faith failed when most required for strength, it did not need the catastrophe of his life to tell. The bitterness of the following letter to the Iron Duke, is a witness:—

"This perpetual pauperism will in the end destroy my mind. I look round for help with a feeling of despair that is quite dreadful. At this moment I have a sick house, without a shilling for the common necessities of life. This is no exaggeration. Indulged by my landlord, indulged by the Lords of the Treasury for my taxes, my want of employment and want of means exhaust the patience of my dearest friends, and give me a feeling as if I were branded with a curse. For God's sake, for the sake of my family, for the sake of the Art I have struggled to serve, permit me, my Lord Duke, to say, employ me. I will honor your patronage with all my heart and all my soul!"

If Haydon's bitterest enemy could have looked into his soul then, he would have been more than satisfied with his torture. "For God's sake, for the sake of my family." How, in that letter, is told all the woe of the darkest artist-life. He never could have been anything else than that which we have seen him—swung from one extreme to the other, from ecstasy to the verge of madness, without the power of retaining his equilibrium, he must have been incapable of any sustained effort. If he had been alone he might have nerved himself to any trial; but see how his life involved itself with others dearer to him than his own:

"The harassings of a family are really dread-

ful. Two of my children are ill. Mary is nursing. All night she was attending the sick, and hushing the suckling, with a consciousness that our last shilling was then going. I got up in the morning bewildered—Xenophon hardly touched—no money—butcher impudent—tradesmen all insulting. I took up my book of private sketches, and two prints of Napoleon, and walked into the city. Moon & Boys had sold all. This was good news to begin with. Hughes, Kearsley's partner, advanced me five guineas on the sketch-book. I sold my other prints, and returned home happy, with £8 4s. in my pocket. How different a man feels with money in his pocket! I bought for sixpence a cast for the children."

Add to this his "motto for life," "Wings at the heart," and you have the secret of his whole life. Wings are poor things fastened to the heart, yet there Haydon unconsciously told his history. What is a winged heart, but impulse for ever unguided by reason? and this was he. And then his "sixpence for a cast for the children." Improvident fellow! Yes, it is true; and yet not half so improvident with his money as with that in which he was richer—with noble artistic feeling, which he lavished on things utterly unworthy of it. This was poor Haydon, indeed—poor that he knew not how to employ his wealth, or how to exchange it for that which keeps off material poverty. Compare with the last extracts this, from one of his joyous moments:

"There are two things I once hated—portrait and perspective. This picture has forced me to study them, and I will conclude by being capable of both. It is now half-past eleven. The conclusion is approaching of the most wonderful year in the history of England: Oh! how I glory that I contributed to the great result, however humbly, by my three letters to the *Times*. When my colors have faded, my canvas decayed, and my body mingled with the earth, these glorious letters, the best things I ever wrote, will awaken the enthusiasm of my countrymen. I thank God I lived in such a time, and that He gifted me with talent to serve the great cause. I did serve it. Gratitude to Him!

"Twelve has struck!

"Adieu, for ever, 1832."

These wide, wild vibrations destroyed him, and yet in these very changes he shows one of the most universal traits of the artistic character; susceptible to every influence, either external or internal, to a degree that generally compels a state of the most entire seclusion, it springs from the deepest gloom to the highest rapture, alternately enthusiastic and melancholy; by turns contemplating revolutions in the world of mind, and self-extinction. The final vibration with Haydon was the swing towards darkness and despair. He passed the verge, and this last entry tells the conclusion of that chapter of artist life—

"God forgive me. Amen.

Finis

of

B. R. Haydon.

"Stretch me no longer on this rough world."

"End of Twentysixth Volume."—*Learn*.

And so it is ended! This wild passage of the life of the artist is not so far from common in its great features as men suppose. We know some, who, with less to command the attention of the world, have been through life thus driven, failing only to finish as Haydon did, from a delicacy of

organization which broke down and relieved them before they were carried to this extremity—some who have yielded in madness, and others still, who, not crushed in frame, have given up all that made their lives beautiful, and turning their backs on their ideal, gone through existence in a state of gloom no man can imagine who has not felt the power of fascination there is in the pursuit of the ideals of Art. They would have been happier in death if it came not like Haydon's. There is nothing more desolate in life than a spirit from which the perception and recognition of beauty has died out.

But is there no lesson of remedial value we can draw from this artist's life? None! You may gain an insight into it, and perhaps, by understanding the artist better sometimes, make him happier, but *he* will not learn therefrom either to avoid the pursuit of Art or those things which make it unhappy; he will not learn calmness and equability, but, by necessity existing in his organization, become thus sensitive to pain and to those changes of condition which make up his life. The things which make him unhappy exist in himself equally with those which make him happy. It was not the success of others which led him into Art, but the conviction of his own talent, and so nothing but his failure will drive him from the field; but he will be slow to believe in this, and when he does believe it, it is generally when he is lost for everything else.

The more profuse patronage of Art would not help the matter. William Blake was poorer than Haydon, and yet was always happy: and if Haydon could have sold all that he painted he would have still been unhappy, because he would not have been appreciated as he desired. It was only because he lacked full faith in the value of what he did that he was discontented, and this he lacked always. When an artist is confident of his own merits, the opinions of others will not affect him deeply, whatever his ideal may be, since his *happiness* depends on his self-satisfaction, whatever his success may depend on—he can wait tranquilly to be appreciated. If we could have had the autobiography of some such man as Blake to place by the side of Haydon's, as the other extreme, we should have learned all of Artist-life that can be learned from the experience of others.

Correspondence.

PARIS, Dec. 8th, 1854.

AND so you are going to have Rachel, they say! Of course, everybody who understands French will go to hear her, and those who cannot will go to see her. Almost everybody will certainly see her once; but do you suppose she will be popular? No, not if the ranting I have seen on the English stage is so. Popular Rachel can never be where the taste of the people has been depraved by the exaggerated action and overdrawn character of our stage. She acts too much like the true thing, and nobody knowing that she is *acting* will appreciate her. Perhaps I underestimate the perceptions of American audiences. I hope I do, because I desire much that our dramatic world may receive

a new stimulus in the right direction, and that actors of true feeling should not be compelled to destroy all the delicacy of their representation by deference to false ideas of effect. We have looked too much to the English stage as a model; let us have a better one, or still better than any, depend on our common sense.

I am really glad Rachel is going out to America on this account, if no other. I can hardly expect that there will be many who will be as enthusiastic as I am with regard to her, for it is necessary to see her many times to feel the full force of her quietness and subdued action. The fascination of her talent has been so great on me that I could never see her justly. They say she is not handsome; yet, to me, she seemed magnificent—they say, too, that she is not tall, yet she always seemed so to me, and commanding. This latter she is without any mistake. It is wonderful to see the majesty with which she sweeps in, apparently neither seeing nor thinking of the audience—and forgetting herself in her part so entirely, that she sweeps away again, leaving you not quite sure if it were not somebody beside Rachel—some lost queen or genuine heroine who represents the character, because it is hers. Oh, that she had been born in England, and could have played Shakespeare! How I should like to see her as Lady Macbeth, speaking English as good as her French is. She is, indeed, a Shakespearian actress if ever there was one. Well, Racine is very fine in spite of all his classicalisms, and there are passages which would have been grand—wonderful, if we did not know Shakespeare. I have become very fond of those peculiarities and little artificialities, which, I suppose, his age demanded. I rather like the formality and the constraint everybody seems to be under—the necessity of doing everything just at the proper moment.

But I am not going to criticise Racine, nor even Rachel—she is greater than my powers of criticism—if she has any faults as an actress, which I am hardly disposed to admit, she has a right to have them, since geniuses may take such privileges if they think proper. I cannot even specify the characters in which she is best, though almost everybody in Paris says, that she is grandest in *Andromaque*, and I am willing to admit that they are right. She seems to have an idea that she is greater in some characters than in others, since she refused to play M. Legouve's *Medea*; but, whether it was because she could not, or because it was his, I am doubtful. I have not read the play, and know nothing of it, since you cannot depend on the reports of the critics here; venal fellows, they will most of them say what they please of a work whatever be its merits. I am sure, however, that Rachel acted in good taste whichever ground she acted on.

You see I am too much an admirer of hers to assist your readers to form a judgment on her. I am, in fact, "enthused," and can only praise her. I would not find fault with her if I could. But, speaking seriously, she is so great that it is not worth while to find fault if one could, since it would take a long time to fully appreciate her excellences. There is a simplicity and straightforwardness in the way in which she carries a part through, and an

appearance of ignoring the points which an inferior actress would obtrude on your attention, so that you must enter entirely with her into the spirit of the play, and then you forget her as completely as she seems to forget herself. I wish that there were more of our people who could understand her *perfectly*, for it is not enough to be able to follow her—the mind must be free to take in the words without stopping to think of their meaning.

I hope she will give some recitations with you, for in these, I believe, she would be better comprehended. I went to a concert one evening, some time ago, to hear her recite, but for some reason she gave us the slip, and we were treated instead to a song, by some singer, whose name I do not now recollect.

I commenced, according to your request, to give you a letter on Rachel. I have, indeed, done so nominally, but really quite as much about myself. I can do no better on that theme, and if you find my letter impertinent, pray do not print it.

Yours truly,
L. L.

BELGIAN FINE ART PRIZE ESSAYS.

THE Fine Art department of the Belgian Academy have proposed the following questions for prize-competition for the year 1855:

I. What is the starting point and what has been the character of the Flemish School of Painting under the reign of the Dukes of Burgundy? and what are the causes of its greatness and of its fall?

II. Does music exert a salutary influence upon manners and customs—is every kind of music equally adapted to exercise that influence—do the developments of the Art guarantee to it a useful moral action; can they, in this relation, be considered in a state of progress, and what modifications should they undergo to reach their highest civilizing power? Examine in this point of view, religious music—dramatic—vocal and instrumental, and popular music.

III. To elucidate the modifications and changes which Architecture has passed through by the introduction and employment of glazed windows both in public and private buildings. Specify the time of said introduction, and mark the successive transformations and improvements this new element has brought about?

IV. To what causes may be attributed the preservation of pictures in certain schools and by certain masters? What has been, on the other hand, the cause of changes which the productions of other masters and epochs have undergone? To examine in this point of view the properties of colors, oils, and varnishes, not omitting the preparation of canvases and panels. To indicate the best processes in order to prevent changes in color in oil-painting?

The prize for each of those questions will be a gold medal, valued at 600 francs. For the first question the government have, in addition, declared a special prize of 1200 francs. The essays are to be legibly written, in Latin, French, or in Flemish, and addressed, free of postage, before the 1st of June, 1855, to M. Quetelet, Secretary, Brussels.—*Athenæum Français*.